

Computation Error

Here from my perch
On the exam room wall,
I am uniquely positioned
To document it all.
My circuits buzz
Beneath my shiny placard;
The proud host of the newest
Electronic medical record.

Your eyes remain
On the glow of my screen
While your patient tries
To be heard and seen.
She seems to know
That you exist in two places:
Half-listening to her,
Half-filling in blank spaces.

In front of me you sit
Rapidly clicking.
At times she waits silent,
The clock loudly ticking.
Your patient struggles
To meet your eyes,
Which now glazed over,
Strain at my font size.

She asks a pointed question;
You finally move to her,
But my screen glow beckons
And it is with me you confer.
I am metal and plastic,
But even I can see
That your patient, exasperated
Regards you quizzically.

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